#### POBTET.

From the London Punch. THE YANKEE BOATSWAIN'S SOND TO THE AMERICAN SLAVE NAVY. Have away, my tight niggers, my jolly brisk blacks—
Ain't there Tar in your very complexion!
Here's a hearty good lash, boys, around, for

your backs, You'll be an orter, I guess, for correction. To your swabs and your Britishers patter d'va sas.

Of Oppression and Wrong and all that, Waero's the true Yankee nigger who'd wish Or would make a wry face at the cat!

Don't you serve a Republic that's glorious

Don't you serve a response that a government of the good of the State—

The enlightened American nation?

Go ahead, then, like lightning, my sooty-

faced tars,
With "Yoho!" at the top or your pipes;
Stick like wax to your colors, the stripes and

the stars, And give thanks to your stars for your stripes.

### BIDE YOUR TIME.

Bide your time! The morn in breaking, Bright with Freedom's blessed ray-Millions from their trance awaking, Soon shall stand in stern array. Man shall fetter man no longer, Liberty shall murch sublime: Every moment makes you stronger-Firm, unshrinking, bide your time.

Bide your time! One false step taken Perish all you yet have done; Undismayed-erect-unshaken, Watch and wait, and all is won, 'Tis not by one rash endeavor Men or States to greatness climb-Would you win your rights forever, Calm and thoughtful, bide your time!

Bide your time! Your worst transgression Were to strike, and strike, in vain; He whose arm would smite Oppression Must not need to smite again! Danger makes the brave man steady-Rashness is the coward's crime-Be for Freedom's battle ready, When it comes-but, bide your time!

## LIGHT FOR ALL.

BY J. GOSTIC.

You cannot pay with money The million sons of toil— The sailor on the ocean, The peasant on the soil, The laborer in the quarry, The hewer of the coal; Your money pays the hand, But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the enthedral, Whose turrets meet the sky; Remember the foundations That in earth and darkness lie; For, were not those foundations So darkly resting there, You towers could never sour up So proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded That the palace may be bright; If the ploughman did not plough, Then the poet could not write. Then let every toil be hallowed That man performs for man, And have its share of honor, As part of one great plan.

See, light darts down from heaven, And enters where it may; The eyes of all earth's people Are cheered with on And let the Mind's true sunshine Be apread o'er earth as free, And fill the souls of men, As the waters fill the sea.

The man who turns the soil Need not have an earfuly mind; The digger'mid the coal Need not be in spirit blind: The mind can shed a light On each worthy labor done, As lowliest things are bright In radiance of the sun.

The tailor, ay the cobbler, May lift their heads as men-Better far than Alexander, Could he wake to life again, And think of all his bloodshed, (And all for nothing too!)
And ask himself—"What made I As useful as a shoel"

What cheers the musing student, The poet, the divine? The thought that for his followers A brighter day will shine, Let every human laborer. Enjoy the vision bright— Let the thought that comes from hences Be spread like heaven's own light!

Ye men who hold the pen, Rise like a band inspired; And, poets, let your lyries With hope for man be fired; Till the earth becomes a temple, And every human heart Shall join in one great service, Each happy in his part,

Each moment has its sickle, emulous Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep. Strikes empires from the root; each moment

plays
His little weapon in the narrow sphere Of sweet domestic comfort, and cut down The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.-Foung.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BEAUTIFUL SLAVE.

A gentleman of fortune has lately received a letter from his brother, who is President of one of the Mobile banks, who mentions among other matters relative to the present distressing times, some interesting incidents touching the sale of the effects of a late morchant of that city, a Mr. N—. Tais gan-deman was possessed of a beautiful slave, about eighteen years old. At the North, she would have been taken for a brun-tte; being is unlike the French Creele as possible. In-French, and but precious little African blood in her veins. Novertheless, she was a slave at the time of her master's failure, and as such, became the property of his creditors.some \$10,000, determined to possess himself of the girl, if possible, and it was likewise, the intention of the broken merchant to redeem her at all hazards. All the creditors, except the broker agreed that N — might retain his slave on giving a good endorsed twelve months' note for \$1500, with interest. He alone demanded the sale of the girl under the hammer, and the unfortunate merchant was compelled to submit—letermining, however, to have some of his friends buy her for him. The day of sale having arburned and the unfortunate merchant was compelled to submit—letermining, however, to have some of his friends buy her for him. The day of sale having arburned and the unfortunate merchant was compelled to submit—letermining the sale of the s rived, Mr. N was under no apprehen-sion but that he could retain his Martha for something less than \$2000, and he had made arrangements to meet that sum in full, and commissioned one of his friends to make the purchase for him. But what was his surprise and indignation to see his refractory creditor make the first bid \$2500! He was not thus to be baulked, and his friend bid \$2509. The craditor, however, persisted in overbidding, until the beautiful Martha was struck off to him at \$1500!

It was utterly out of the power of the bro ken merchant to raise money even for the last bid he had made upon his Martha, had it succeeded in purchasing her, and his creditor would doubtless have still over-hid him. had he gone higher. He must, therefore, lose her or pay the full amount of \$10,000 debt, which it was impossible for him to do.— What was then to be done! Martha would never consent to part with her master. He had purchased her on his first arrival at the South, more than eight years ago, at her own request, she then living about twenty miles from Mobile. He had given her every advantage of education, and brought her up as tenderly as though she were his own daugh ter; and now she would sooner part with life itself than become a slave.

Her feelings, on learning her situation, (for - had carefully concealed the announce ment of the sale from her,) were probably similar to those which the proud daughter of any citizen would experience in like predicament; for the fact of her being a slave was known to but few in Mobile. She therefore sent word to her purchaser, that she would never leave her present abode alive. In answer to this message, he sent two officers to take her into enstody. Meantime, Mr. N-had encouraged her that she should certainly escape her doom, and embark for New York, whither he would join her in a short time, never again to return, and he would

there marry her.

Martha was shortly after this, placed in the common jail at Mobile as a stubborn servant; but, fortunately the keeper interested himself in her behalf, and she enjoyed equal comforts to those of her master's house.

Just ten days after this, Martha signified her consent to leave the prison, and take up her abode with her new master the heardless creditor of N-. With pleasure and sur-prise she was liberated by the purchaser, who appropriated a handsome apartment in his house to her use. The same night she started for Sarannah per express, unknown to any one save the faithful N.—. One thousand dollars reward was immediately offered for ker apprehension, and the detection of those who aided in her escape; and on the fifth day the reward was doubted-messengers also been sent to New Orleans, and in several other directions. A fortnight passed, and no tidings of the beautiful slave Martha.-Every one suspected, though no one could PROVE that her former master had sided in her escape. Mr. N—— had now nearly arranged his affairs, and was about to leave Mobile. His stubborn creditor had tried, by every means in his power, to procure an indictment against him, but without success when, on the evening before N's departure, his friend, at his desire, ca'led upon the creditor, to endeavor, if possible, to purchase a release of the title of Martha. 'No,' replied the broker, 'I would sooner spend \$10,000 than be tricked by the infernal Yankee!'— N- took his leave, depositing \$800 with his friend, which was all the spare money he had, and instructing him to purchase with it the freedom of Martha, if possible.

Within one month from the time N left Mobile, the extensive house of R. M. & Brothers, cotton brokers, stopped payment; and in due time the sale of their personal property devolved upon an auctioneer. mong the living chattels disposed of, the ti-tle to the beautiful slave Martha, then absent, but who cost \$1500, was struck off to a friend of N. for 862!

This parrative is no fiction-the writer of the letter first mentioned being the identical purchaser of the slave Martha. His immediate object in writing to the gentleman who furnished us with the above, was to ascertain smoking. the whereabouts of his friend N-, as he had been unable to hear from him since his important purchase, though he had immediately written to New York, aequainting him with it. We have been promised an intro-duction to the heroine of this narrative, and her now happy husband.

CONTEMPTIBLE.-It is said that a young colored man, who was desirous of preparing himself for usefulness in Haiti, recently made application for admission to Brown Universibut was refused, on the ground that a few southern students in consequence would leave the institution! We should like to hear President Wayland discuss the "moral phiof this cone .- Hampshire Her-

#### THE LAST CIGAR.

Tobacon! 'tie a filthy weed, It drains the pocket, scents the clothes. And makes a chimney of the nose,

The story which I am about to relate is one in which I have a double object. The first, to prove to you the folly of the expensive, useless and injurious practice of using tobacco. The second, to induce you by relating my sad experience—though not eightden years of age-to quit, if any of you have fallen a victim to a habit, that once formed, can only be broken by the strongest persave-rance and most rigid self-denial. When you read the story, you have the satisfaction, if satisfaction it be, of knowing it is true.

It was a cold, rainy evening in the month March, as I was hurrying up Broadway, (New York) with my eyes intently fixed upon a brilliant light glerming from the win-dew of a not far distant eight shop, that I was accosted by a poor but nearly clad girl, about nine years old, who asked in a pitiful but commanding tone for "some bread." I had been often called upon by unworthy look-ing persons for aid, and had as often turned a deaf ear to their wants-excusing myself

little girl. She stood with her bare feet on the cold wet pavement; her dress-as I could see from the light shiningfrom the shop window-though somewhat the "worse for wear" was clean; and her whole person displayed that unassuming, natural appearance uncharacteristic of that unfortunate class of which

she was a member. Desirous of knowing more of her history; I commenced a conversation by asking her which she would rather have, bread or mon-

She looked at me besitatingly and said, "Sir, I want bread-I have a sick mother and two small sisters"-Here she stopped, choked with emotion.

and the tears came to her eyes. "Have you no father?" said d. "I have," she said unhesitatingly, "but he

frinks; he does not live at home. The story was told—I was satisfied. I put my hand into my pocket, but alas! a solitrry expence was its occupant. I hesitated, and thought of the expected luxury, of the eight store. I thought too, that the sixpense would get a loaf of bread, and thus ameliorate the the wants of a suffering family; but the strong propensity of a still stronger eigar, got the better of my good intention, and I told her. "I was sorry, but I had no money to spare! If I had I would willingly give it to her."

She left me with a look of sadness, and I impact my eyes from her disgusted with my

turned my eyes from her disgusted with my own act, and pursued my way to the eigar shop. I would have directed her to my home but, the distance rendered it impracticable.

I purchased my eigar and went home smo king; but I could not help thinking of the poor littlegirl. Strange thoughts ran through my mind. I would ask myself from which I could derive the most pleasure, seeing myself making use of an unnatural substance, tobacco, or in seeing the suffering poor use the natural staff of life, bread? Then I would wonder if the little girl met with any more Liberal shap myself-hoping that she did. I finally reached my home; and as I entered the room the clock struck nine.

The family had retired; I took a sext next the fire and eat in a quiet mood while the smoke ascended from my lighted digar. The only noise that disturbed my cars was the ticking of the clock and the occasional snap-ping of the half burning embers in the fire.-The lamp had grown dim for the want of

retrinming.
Thus I sat, half inclined to cleep, till 4 knew fire had reached that part of my cigar that was wet, by the continued hissing it oc-casioned. I looked up, the room was blue with smoke; I cast my eyes upon the clock —it was half past nine, another half hour had gone—gone forever! And what have I accomplished! This started a new train of ideas. I laid my cigar on the table, took from my pocket a pencil, and made the fol-

lowing notes and calculations: Commenced smoking when nine years old, (through the influence of other boys-under the mintaken idea of making a man of myself,) at the age of ten 1 could smoke the strongest eight without feeling that dizzless it first produced, and at the early age of eleven, I found myself a confirmed votary to that edious, vicious habit of smoking!

From eleven years to my present age (sev-enteen years and four months) I know two cigars a day would be a moderate estimatemany was the day for the last two years that six would not excuse me.

Counting two a day from my e'eventh year, and including all that I had smoked the two years previous, it amounts to four thousand six hundred and twenty eigars.

Allowing each eigar to be, on an average, three and a half inches in length, would be one thousand three hundred and forty-nine feet and two inches of an emetic that I consumed, which, had I swallowed a piece the size of a pin, would have thrown me into horrid convulsions,

Each eigar cost me at least one cept, and ome cost more; this would amount to fortysix dollars and twenty cents with interest, I never smoked a eigar in less than half an hour-and never did anything else while

My time was worth at a moderate estimate, three cents an hour. This would amount to sixty-nine dollars and thirty-one cents.

When I looked over the result, and found that I had spent ninety-five dollars and felty cents; 400k 3 months in con-graining that which destroyed my nervous system, and all at the age of seventeen-and when I thought how many loaves of bread the money would have bought that I had worse than wasted, and how much useful learning I might have ne-quired in these three months, I took my cigar from the table and threw it into the fire-no accompanied with a solemn affirmation-but as I did it, the words involuntarily flowed from my heart-"] AM RESOLVED-"TIS MY

"A Manarages ORGAY. -The new orgin to trinty Church, in New York, was bailt by Mr.
Erber, and is the largest in this country. It is said to weigh more than forty tons. It contains
Two thousand one hundred and sixty-more paper divided among forty-three draw steps, eleven of which are dispasons. The largest metal dispason pipe is five fast in circumi-retice, and twen ty eight feet long. The case is of oak, in a rich Gother pattern, likewiss designed by Mr. Up-john. The cost is \$10,000. The church, it is said, will cost more than half a intilion. The Episcopal Association who erected this expensive attractural have attractured by a property of the cost in the cost is \$10,000. sive structure have princely revenues from real estate of immense value."

READER -Think of the humble Nazare." travelling from place to place, preaching the gopel of place, healing the sick, instructing the ignorant, spending his life among the mor-and needy. Hear of all things, yet without a and needy. Hair of all things, yet without a home! Son of Him to whom belongs the world and the follness thereof, yet renouncing all earthly treasures and glory, and saying, "by not up freasures on earth." See him at Jacob-well asking of a wicked woman, a cop of cold water, to quench like thirst, and off-ring her in return, the water of etersal life, and permuting her to be the first to proclaim his appearance to her countrymen.

See him eating with poor publicans and sin-See him eating with poor publicans and sin-ners, or plucking corn with his own hands from the field of God. Again see Him with a little company of humble fixturemen by the sea store, worshipping God—giorniving His Father by his sets of kindness and misery to his suffering brothern. See him again upon the magnitans, with the multitudes around him, and hear the divine language fall of from the hips, and distridivine language fall of from the lips, and easily ling on the needy Sport, like the dews of Hermon, on the mountains of the Land, "Blessed are the poor in spirit."—"Blessed are the me sk." "Blessed are the spreiful." "Blessed are the pure in heart." "Blessed are they which are persecuted for gritten express sake." Follow that persocated for artitoonness sike " Pollow that lowly yet divine One through all his bic and ob

serve what a distance he ever was from the price and splender, the pump and glory of this world Then go thou, into the notoriously wicke city of New York. See the priest of this TRIN ITY Church step from the door of his splended mansion and ascend the carpeted steps of his splended carriage, dressed in splender. Let us follow him. See, there at and a group of poor ignorant and vicious mortals that need metrue Will not the priest notice them! Master would. Surely he will give them? The Master would. Surely he win give on, simple precepts. No, there he goes. He dues not see them! But there! Beyond him is a poor not see them! But there have suck, starving chilwidow, who has left her four sick, starving c dren in her dark, damp, smoky leathsome cellar and crawled furth to bog! Hark! she calls upon him, mercyl mercy! good man! one faithing! only one farthing to obtain a cromb of hims for-eithe words die on her japs, he beels her no for-the words die on her type, he heeds her not is going to Erinity Church to preach the Gaspel! Now letts follow; see, he has arrived—the servant opens the door of his splendid carriage, seturns down the carpeted stero—and the proud, haughry, anti-christian pricat alights—enters the temple of robbery and oppression, howing, and scraping, and touching his beaver to thieves, robbe s, and a remers who have robb d God of his foot steal and His children of their britishist, and ground them inchildren of their birthright, and ground them in to the earth, to obtain treasures to build and furnish the costly temple, squandaring the tons of poor laborers on their losts. See the unitely man atrut along the sarpeted aisle and ascendinto the ornamented throne of Satan Now look around upon the interior of the \$500,000 Church. See the thousands of dollars -quandered in ornaments-observe the people-near the reating of silks and satins—thousands, and tensquadered in ornaments, for the perishing bodies of these mortals that must soon ret in the ground and all this show and expense has been chested, wrong or with held from laborers, among whom homfreds are dving for the meh, with statustion It these are servants of God, let my be a servant of the devil-If the sare Christians, let me be a heather-but no, no, I will not-can of doubt. Carist was no imposter; In Him will I believe it all men forsake Him, and rob His bretieren of bread to equander on their pride' and eath that pride and mockery christianity, still will I bethese priests & their followers fors O ve Trin-darians of Trindty Church! Your temple is no a her than a dea of thieves. The priest who will constanance your works, and your dangs is a priest of Beber; and your monities have a paratra between you and your Creator. Re-pont! Repent! and no longer rob the poor to build curses, calling them temples, and instruments of praise!-[Pleasure B at.

WHISKEY FED PORK .- A correspondent of the Boston Post, writing from Cincinnati un-der date of Sept. 21th, gives some account of the White River Region. We take from it

the following extract:
"Pork raising and whick y making are carried on very largely. Some of the farmers keep two or three thousand hogs, and never pretend to harvest their corn, but turn their hogs into it when it becomes ripe, to fatten, which is a very bad and un-farmer-like practice, as the hogs make great waste. Others harvest their corn, and either faed their hogs with it, or send it to one of the whiskey distilleries which darken the sky with their polluting smoke over the whole corn country of the west. The brautiful sweet grain is there made into whiskey. Monstrans perversion of the rich fruits of the earth. Some of these distilleries turn out about one hundred barrels of whiskey par day, and keep from four to five The slops have a strong dash of alcohol in them, and you can hear the hogs squeal at the distance of a mile when they get to quarrelling and spreciag towards night, after having "liquored up" pretty plentifully. Look int the pens upon them and you will see a fine let of topers—dirty, bloated, red eyed, ears and noses bloody and slit to pieces in their drunken fights. They were once doubtless decent rogs, but whiskey has mined their morals.-Pork, fattened at the distilleries is greatly inferior to that which is made upon corn, it be-ing of a spongy paters, and the flavor not so For my own part I would not eat the stuff at all; as I am certain that swine crowded in such great numbers into small pens and kept on alcohol cannot be healthy.

A Missouri correspondent of the Western Christian Advocate says: "How ridiculous and reprehensible the scene! a minister of Jeeus, with one hand receiving the last cent of his Disciplinary allowance, and with the othor talking the proceeds of the negroe's labor and overseer's lash."

Error succeeds only by counterfeiting truth.

"I can't be rr."-Yes, you can. Try try hand, try often—and you will accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging cirmennstance, and you will do nothing worthy of a great mind. Try, and you will do wonders. You will be astonashed at yourself—your advancement in whetever, you malestake. vancement in wintever you undertake. "I can't" has rusped many a man; has been the tomb of bright expectation and ardent hops. Let "I will try" be your motto in whateve you undertake, and if you press onward you, will steadily and surely accomplish your ob-ject, and come off victorious. Try-keep trying—and you are made for this world.

DESTITUTION .- It has been recently ascerined in England, that the inmates of some f beir work houses, employed in crushing the banes of horses and other animals have been in the liabit of eating the gristle found upon them, to satisfy their hunger.

Smogg - Miss Landon, in one of her works,

"Light-transitory—winding its graceles of cles, till finally lost in the blue air, born of the fiery elements which smoulder below, smoke is the very type of that vapor of the human heart, hope So does hope spring from the burning parsions which consume their home and them-selves—so does it wander through the future, making its own chaimed path-and so does it last too faint for outline."

Every body has read or heard of Peter Paricy's works. Mr. Pierpoint says that the author of these works recently went to Washington to solicit from the government a situation in the Boston Custom House, He was assured that there would be no trouble about it, and so assured, returned home. Shortly afterwards, however, he got a letter stating that the Administration had found an anti-slavery sealence in one of his little books, and it was all up with him.

SERVOOM .- According to a recently publishal work, the number of serfs, or white slaves in Russia is forly-three millions, 'The empor-or himself is said to be the owner of twenty-

The decline of a religion may be measured by the splender of its edifices.

# NOTICE

Is hereby given, that a petition will be esented to the next Legislature of the State of Ohio, praying for the creetion of a new Trumbull and Columbiana counties, to be called the county of Cass with the seat of justice at Caufield Trumbull county, to wit; Milton, Jackson, Austintown, Youngstown, Coitsville, Poland, Boardman, Canfield, Ellston, Barlie, in Parametel county and worth, and Berlin, in Trumbull county, and Smith, Goshen, Green, Beaver, and Springfield, in Columbiana county, October 31st 1845, 4t-15,

AGENTS FOR THE "BUGLE," NEW GARDEN-David L. Galbreath, COLUMBIANA-Lot Holmes, Cool Spring-T. Ellwood Vickers, MARLBORO'-Dr. K. G. Thomas, Berlin-Jacob H. Barnes. CANFIELD-John Wetmore. Lowerville-Dr. Butler. POLAND-Christopher Lee. Youngstown-J. S. Johnson. New Lyme-Hannibal Reeve. Aknon-Thomas P. Beach. New Lisbon—George Garretson. Cincinnari—William Donaldson. Salineville-James Farmer. East Fairtean-John Marsh. Fallston Pa., -Joseph B. Coale.

# Anti-Slavery Publications.

J. ELIZABETH BITCHCOOK has just received and has now for sale at her boarding house, Sarah Galbreath's, west end of High st., the

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